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"Lest we forget" An
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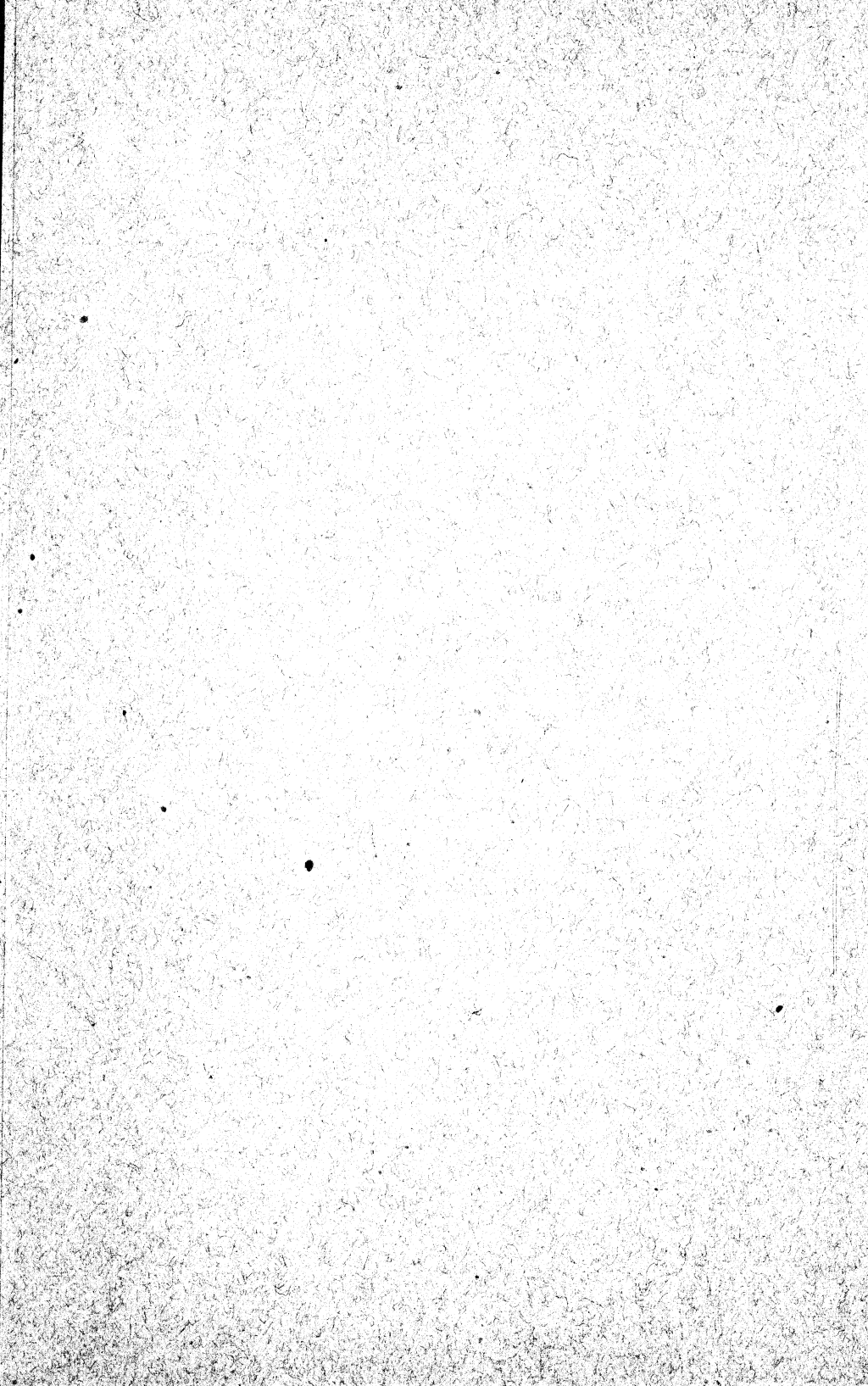
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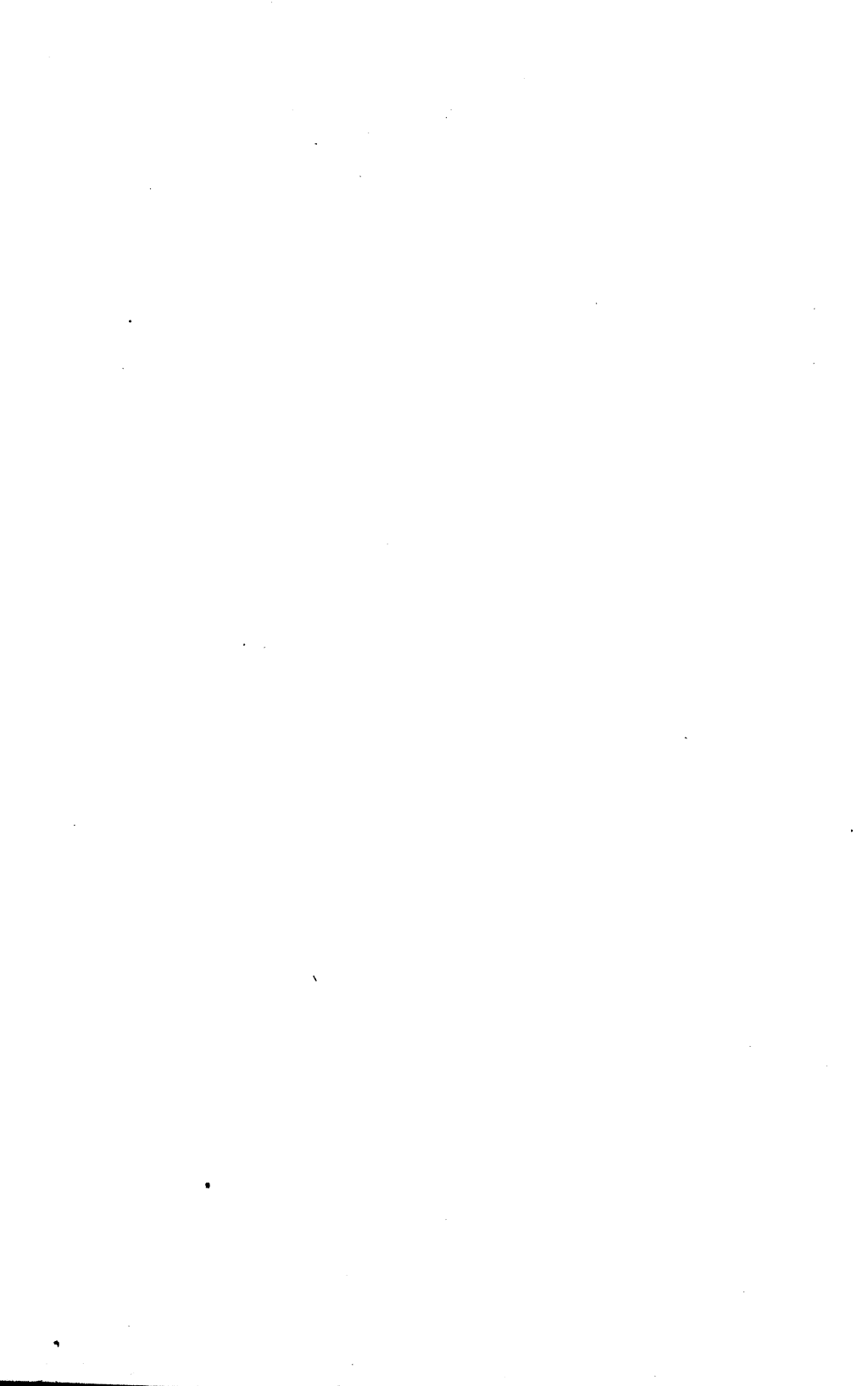
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS

"LEST WE FORGET"

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1898
LELAND STANFORD JR. UNIVERSITY
ON
MAY 25, 1898

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN
President of the University

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNIVERSITY BY THE COURTESY OF
JOHN J. VALENTINE, ESQ.
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA
AUGUST 10, 1898.



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PRESS OF
H. S. CROCKER COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

PREFATORY NOTE.

The present address was delivered before the graduating class of Leland Stanford, Jr. University in connection with the granting of degrees, on May 25, 1898. It is published in the present form through the kindly interest of Mr. John J. Valentine, of San Francisco. It is here reprinted as delivered with a few slight verbal changes only, although the movement of events has shifted the perspective of some matters under discussion.

I may add one further word. It is a fundamental tenet of democracy that "government must derive its just powers from the consent of the governed." For the time being, government may have another justification, namely, that it is good government, and being good—just, economical and dignified—it may acquire in time the consent of the governed. The good government of careless and lawless races is the foundation and the justification of British imperialism. Imperialism is a difficult art, acquired by long practice, and through the experience of many failures. The secret of England's success lies in the lesson of respect for law, a lesson America in her reaction of national independence has half forgotten. To teach respect for law is Great Britain's civic mission. To teach respect for the individual man has been the mission of America.

It is a common saying in these days that on whatever shores the Stars and Stripes has been raised, it will never be hauled down. This saying would be more worthy of respect if coupled with another, namely that wherever the American flag may fly it will bring good government, respect for man, and respect for law. To reach this, we must turn over a new leaf. Our record thus far in colonial matters has been one of waste and neglect. Spain lost her colonies because she treated them much as we have treated our own colony of Alaska. "Compulsory Imperialism," we are told, the extension of civilization under the lead of happy chance and "Manifest Destiny," is the next stage in the development of the United States. Probably this is true, but, if so, we must not forget that dominion has its duties as well as its glories, and of these the duties are most numerous as well as most insistent. We must take lessons in respect for law from the only nation (save thrifty Holland) whose foreign possessions have been other than a source of weakness and corruption. The loss of her colonies may mark the civil and moral awakening of Spain. Let us trust that the same event may not bring moral and political decay to the nation which, most unwillingly, inherits Spain's bankrupt assets.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Palo Alto, Santa Clara County, Cal.,
August 10, 1898.

“LEST WE FORGET.”

MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1898:

As educated men and women, in your hands lies the future of the State. It is for you and such as you to work out the problems of democracy. This is my justification in speaking to you of the present crisis. For a great world crisis is on us, and this year of 1898 may mark one of the three great epochs in our history.

Twice before in our national life have we stood in the presence of a great crisis. Twice before have we come to the parting of the ways, and twice has our choice been controlled by wise counsel.

The first crisis followed the War of the Revolution. Its question was this: What relation shall the emancipated colonies bear to one another? The answer was the American Constitution, the federation of self-governing and united states.

The second crisis came through the growth of slavery. The union of the states “could not endure, half slave, half free.” The emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln marked our decision that the Union should endure; and that all that made for division should be swept away.

The third great crisis is on us now. The war with Spain is only a part of it. The question is not: Can we capture Manila, Havana, Porto Rico or the Canaries? It is not what we can take or what we can hold. The American navy and the American army can accomplish all we ask of them with time and patience.

Battles are fought to-day through engineering and technical skill, not through physical dash. The great cannon speaks the language of science, and individual courage is helpless before it. The standing of our naval officers in matters of engineering is beyond question. There are a hundred nameless lieutenants in our war-ships who, if opportunity offered, could write their names beside those of Grenville and Nelson and Farragut and Dewey. The glory of Manila is not dim beside that of Mobile or Trafalgar. The cool strength and soberness of Yankee courage, added to the power of naval engineering, could meet any foe on earth on equal terms, and here the terms are not equal. Personal fearlessness our adversaries possess, and that is all they have. That we have, too, in like measure. Everything else is ours. We train our guns against the empty shell of a mediæval monarchy, broken, distracted, corrupt.

The war with Spain marks in itself no crisis. The end is seen from the beginning. It was known to Spain as clearly as to us. But her government had no recourse. They had come to the end of diplomacy, and could only die fighting. "To die game" is an old habit of the Spaniard. "Whatever else the war may do," says the Spanish diplomat, with pathetic honesty, "it can only bring ruin to Spain."

It is too late for us now to ask how we got into the war. Was it inevitable? Was it wise? Was it righteous? We need not ask these questions, because the answers will not help us. We may have our doubts as to one or all of these, but all doubts we must keep to ourselves. We are in the midst of battle, and must fight to the end. The "rough-riders" are in the saddle. "What though the soldier knew some one had blundered?" The swifter, fiercer, more glorious our attacks, the sooner and more lasting the peace. There is no possible justification for the war unless we are strong enough and swift enough to bring it to a speedy end. If America is to be the

Knight-errant of the Nations she must be pure of heart and swift of foot, every inch a knight.

The crisis comes when the war is over. What then? Our question is not what we shall do with Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. It is what these prizes will do to us. Can we let go of them in honor or in safety? If not, what if we hold them? What will be the reflex effect of great victories, suddenly realized strength, the patronizing applause, the ill-concealed envy of great nations, the conquest of strange territories, the raising of our flag beyond the seas? All this is new to us. It is un-American; it is contrary to our traditions; it is delicious; it is intoxicating.

For this is the fact before us. We have come to our manhood among the nations of the earth. What shall we do about it? The war once finished, shall we go back to our farms and factories, to our squabbles over tariffs and coinage, our petty trading in peanuts and post-offices? Or shall our country turn away from these things and stand forth once for all a great naval power, our vessels in every sea, our influence felt over all the earth? Shall we be the plain United States again, or shall we be another England, fearless even of our own great mother, second to her only in age and prestige?

The minor results of war are matters of little moment in comparison. Let us look at a few of them as we pass. Most of them are not results at all. The glow of battle simply shows old facts in new relation.

The war has stirred the fires of patriotism, we say. Certainly, but they were already there, else they could not be stirred. I doubt if there is more love of country with us to-day than there was a year ago. Real love of country is not easily moved. Its guarantee is its permanence. Love of adventure, love of fight, these are soon kindled. It is these to which the battle spirit appeals. Love of adventure we may not despise. It is the precious heritage of new races; it is the basis of personal courage; but it is not patriotism; it is push. Love of

fight is not in itself unworthy. The race which cannot fight if need be, is a puny folk destined to be the prey of tyrants. But one who fights for fight's sake is a bully, not a hero. The bully is at heart a coward. To fight only when we are sure of the result, is no proof of national courage.

Patriotism is the will to serve one's country; to make one's country better worth serving. It is a course of action rather than a sentiment. It is serious rather than stirring. The shrilling of the mob is not patriotism. It is not patriotism to trample on the Spanish flag, to burn fire-crackers or to twist the Lion's tail. The shrieking of war editors is not patriotism. Nowadays, nations buy newspapers as they buy ships. Whatever is noisy, whether in Congress or the pulpit, or on the streets, cannot be patriotism. It is not in the galleries that we find brave men. "Patriotism," says Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of the scoundrel." But he was speaking of counterfeit patriotism. There could not be a counterfeit were there not also a reality.

But this I see as I watch the situation: true patriotism declines as the war spirit rises. Men say they have no interest in reform until the war is over. There is no use of talking of better financial methods, of fairer adjustments of taxes, of wiser administration of affairs, until the war fever has passed by. The patriotism of the hour looks to a fight with some other nation, not towards greater pride in our own.

The war has united at last the North and the South, we say. So at least it appears. When Fitzhugh Lee is called a Yankee, and all the haughty Lees seem proud of the designation, we may be sure that the old lines of division exist no longer. North and South, East and West, whatever our blood, birth or rank, we Yankees stand shoulder to shoulder in 1898. But our present solidarity shows that the nation was sound already, else a month could not have welded it together.

It is twenty-eight years ago to-day that a rebel soldier who says—

“I am a Southerner,
I loved the South and dared for her
To fight from Lookout to the sea
With her proud banner over me,”

stood before the ranks of the Grand Army and spoke these words:

“I stand and say that you were right;
I greet you with uncovered head,
Remembering many a thundrous fight,
When whistling death between us sped;
I clasp the hand that made my scars,
I cheer the flag my foeman bore,
I shout for joy to see the stars
All on our common shield once more.”

This was more than a quarter of a century ago and all this time the great loyal South has patiently and unflinchingly accepted war's terrible results. It is not strange, then, that she shows her loyalty to-day. The “Solid South,” the bugaboo of politicians, the cloak of Northern venality, has passed away forever. The warm response to American courage, in whatever section or party, in whatever trade or profession, shows that with all our surface divisions, we of America are one in heart. The impartial bitterness of Spanish hatred directed toward all classes and conditions of Anglo-Saxons alike emphasizes the real unity of race and nation.

There are some who justify war for war's sake. Blood-letting “relieves the pressure on the boundaries.” It whets courage. It keeps the ape and tiger alive in men. All this is detestable. To waste good blood is pure murder, if nothing is gained by it. To let blood for blood's sake is bad in politics as it is in medicine. War is killing, brutal, barbarous killing, and its direct effects are mostly evil. The glory of war turns our attention from civic affairs. Neglect invites corruption. Noble and necessary as was our Civil War, we have not yet recovered

from its degrading influences. Too often the courage of brave men is an excuse for the depredations of venal politicians. The glorious banner of freedom becomes the cover for the sutler's tent.

The test of civilization is the substitution of law for war; statutes for brute strength. No doubt diplomacy, as one of our Senators has said, is mostly "a pack of lies," and arbitration, as we have known it, is compulsory and arbitrary compromise. But in the long run truth will out, even in diplomacy. The nations who suffer through clumsy and blundering tribunals of arbitration will learn from this experience. They will find means, at last, to secure justice as well as peace. As private war gave way to security under national law, so must public war give way to the law of civilization.

I hear men say to-day that war is necessary to the Republic because we need new heroes for our worship. The old heroes are getting stale. Those of the Revolution are half mythical. Washington and Greene were never actually alive in real flesh and blood. Even Grant and Sherman, Lee and Jackson, Thomas and Farragut are names only to most of us. Our fathers knew them, but their's are not names to conjure with to-day. The name of Dewey fills a popular want. The heroes of the newspaper in times of peace are mere tinsel heroes. Here is one with flesh and blood in him, a man of nerve and courage and success.

All this is true, but our heroes were with us already. In times of peace they were ready for heroism. The real hero is the man who does his duty. It does not matter whether his name be on the headlines of the newspapers or not. His greatness is not enhanced when a street or a trotting horse is named for him. It is the business of the Republic to make a nation of heroes. The making of brave soldiers is only a part of the work of making men. The glare of battle shows men in false perspective. To one who stands in its light we give the glory of a thousand.

But we may applaud with the rest as the great captains pass before us. They have earned their renown, yet when "the tumult and the shouting dies," still the crisis remains. What effect must the war have on us?

Our line of action seems a narrow one. Our policy has been fully declared. Our armies invade Cuba to put an end to disorder, brutality and murderous wrong. In the words of the resolution of Congress:

"The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, and cannot longer be endured."

And in recording the necessity which forces us to act we disclaim all selfish intentions. Thus Congress used these words which are already part of the record of history and which we may not forget:

"The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said islands except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

The wrongs we would avenge are not new to Spain. By such cruelties she has always held her possessions. By such means she has lost most of them. Flanders, Mexico, Peru, Venezuela, Chili, Cuba, all tell the same story. Spain still belongs to the seventeenth century. From the seventeenth century Cuba has escaped. To her we shall bring order and relief. Her shackles once broken, then we shall stay our hand. To Cuba Libre, independent and free, we will leave the choice of her own future.

But this is easier said than done. Cuba Libre has no heart or will to choose. Her present nominal government is not that of a republic. It is a political oligarchy, which has its seat not in Havana, but in New York. Cuba is helpless now. As a republic she will be helpless still. Spanish blood and Spanish training illy prepare a land for freedom. Freedom such as we know it has never yet been won by people of Latin blood. The freedom of Spanish America is for the most part military despotism.

It is said of the government of Russia that it is "despotism tempered by assassination." That of most of our sister republics is assassination tempered by despotism, Mexico, the best of them, is not a republic; it is a despotism, the splendid tyranny of a man strong and wise, who knows Mexico and how to govern her, a humane and beneficent tyrant.

There are many noble men in Cuba, men of education and character, with the culture and bearing of gentlemen. Some of these I know, and one I have been proud to call my friend, Felipe Poey, during fifty years professor in the University of Havana. Most good men in Cuba hope for the success of the insurgents, but they have not much confidence in Cuban democracy. The common run of the Cuban population is of a very different class.

"The Cuban soldiers at Tampa," says John R. Rathom, "are very small, excitable, erratic, physically unfit. They go about the camps brandishing their machetes and telling our infantrymen who tower above them like giants, how they are going to cut the Spaniards to pieces. Their whole spirit is one of frothy boasting."

There are three things inseparable from the life of the Cuban people to-day, the cigarette, the lottery ticket, and the machete. These stand for vice, superstition and revenge. Above these the thoughts of the common man in Cuba seldom rise. Most of the people cannot read, and those who can read largely the literature of vice.

From my own visit to Havana, two keen recollections remain. In the early morning the markets are filled by a long procession of loaded burros who came down from the mountain side. These bring everything that is eatable, with the rest live pigs and sheep. Pigs and sheep alike are tied in pairs and hung saddle-wise, head downward, from the backs of the donkeys. From two until four in the morning the long procession comes in, the pigs lustily squealing, the sheep helpless and dumb. But nobody cares for an animal's pain. There is no society for

prevention of cruelty to animals in Cuba. There are not many who could understand even the purpose of such a society. In Havana, bull-fights follow the church services, not fights but slaughter. A horse lame and blind is ripped up by an infuriated bull, who in turn is done to death by the stab of a skillful butcher.

At Christmas time all interest centers in the lottery. Everybody buys lottery tickets. Charms, fortune-tellers, astrology and all the machinery of superstition are brought into play to select the lucky numbers. How many days old am I? How many days old is my Dolores? How many days old was I on my lucky day when I drew the prize last year? How can I find my lucky number? These matters are talked of everywhere on the streets, in the church, in the wine rooms, in the theatres. One hears the parrots on their posts at the gate discussing the very same questions. The birds rattle off the names and numbers as glibly as their masters, and with as high a conception of the possibilities of life.

It seems probable that most of the oppressed people, crowded from their homes by Weyler's armies, will be dead before we come to their relief. In starving out Havana we shall doubtless starve them first. Those who survive may become our bitterest enemies before the year is out. For these people prefer the indolence of Spanish rule with all its brutalities to the bustling ways of the Anglo-Saxon. Many of them would take their chances of being starved or butchered rather than to build roads, wash their faces and clean up their towns. To suppress the lottery and the cock-fight would be to rob them of most that makes life worth living. The Puritan Sabbath and the self-control it typifies in their minds would be worse than the flames of Purgatory. Whether as a free nation under our protection or whether governed by our martial law, it will be no easy task to hold the peace in Cuba Libre. The down-trodden Cuban and the Spanish oppressor are the same in blood, the same in method.

But we may say that American enterprise will change all this. It will flow into Cuba when Cuba is free. It will clean up the cities, stamp out the fevers, build roads where the trails for mule-sleds are, and railroads where the current of traffic goes. It will make the pearl of the Antilles the fairest island on the face of the earth.

No doubt all this will come if we give a stable government. Whatever else we say or do we must give such a government. The nations of the world will hold us responsible for Cuba through the years to come. A virtual serfdom under American martial law is the fate of Cuba, though we may declare her free and independent.

Why then shall we not hold Cuba, if she becomes ours by right of conquest? Because that would be a cowardly thing to do. The justification of her capture is that we do not want her. If we want Cuba, common decency says that we must let her alone. Ours is a war of mercy, not of conquest. This we have plainly declared to all the nations. Perhaps we meant what we said, though the speeches in Congress do not make this clear. If we can trust the records, our chief motives were three: desire for political capital, desire for revenge, and sympathy for humanity.

It was desire for political capital that forced the hand of the President. "The war," says Dr. Frank Drew, "did not begin as an honorable war. If it is to become such, it must be made honorable by other men than those whose votes committed us to it."

If we retire with clean hands, it will be because our hands are empty. To keep Cuba or the Philippines would be to follow the example of conquering nations. Doubtless England would do it in our place. The habit of domination makes men unscrupulous.

Professor Nicholson of Edinburgh has said: "There can be no question, in the light of history, that the political instinct of the English people—or to adopt the popular language of the moment, the original sin of the

nation—is to covet everything of its neighbors worth coveting, and it is not content until the sin is complete.” No wonder England now pats us on the back. We are following her lead. We are giving to her methods the sanction of our respectability. Of all forms of flattery, imitation is the sincerest.

By a war of conquest fifty years ago we took from Mexico her fairest provinces. For the good of humanity we did it, no doubt, and along the lines of manifest destiny. Brave battles our soldiers fought, but for all that, the war itself was most inglorious. So it reads in history as we write it to-day. It is iniquitous in history as written in Mexico.

Shall then the war for Cuba Libre come to an inglorious end? If we make anything by it, it will be most inglorious. It will be without honor if its two millions a day are made good by conquered territory. Neither for conquest nor for revenge have we sent forth the army of the Republic. “Let us beware,” says J. K. H. Burgwin, “of placing ourselves in the position of doing a noble and generous act and then demanding that a bankrupt and humbled enemy shall pay our expenses.” If we are going to hold the prizes of war or to use them in thrifty trade we should never have set out on the errands of humanity.

The nations of Europe look with jealousy on our possibilities of strength. “If I only,” some king may say—“if I only had all these men, all this land, all these resources, I would eclipse the glory of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, of Napoleon.” If we turned everything into fighting, what a fight we could make. But we have gone about our business, a vast nation of common people, careless of European complications, indifferent to European glory, unconscious of our power.

For the end of government by the people is to fit the people to control their own affairs. The basis of our government is the town meeting. The people manage their local business, and send their wisest men as delegates to

look after the interests of the nation. This was the dream of the fathers. If there has been much change and some degeneration, yet in substance the thoughts of the fathers prevail. The liberties of the people are secure because they are everywhere in the people's hands. America is not a power among the nations. She is a nation among the powers. A "power" is a country which is concerned with affairs not her own and which develops the machinery to make such concern effective. A nation minds her own business.

The spirit of our foreign policy has been to avoid all display of power. It was set forth in Washington's farewell address, in these memorable words:

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. * * * Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. * * * Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice? It is our true course to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."

The America of which Washington dreamed should grow strong within herself, should avoid entangling alliances with foreign nations, should keep out of all fights and all friendships that are not her own, should secure no territory that might not be self-governing, and should acquire no provinces that might not in time be numbered among the United States. To this policy his followers closely adhered. Even gratitude to France never made us her catspaw in her struggle against England. No outflow of sympathy has caused us to interfere in behalf of Ireland or Armenia or Greece.

But the world is smaller than in Washington's day. Steam and electricity have bound the world together. The interests of one nation are those of all nations. The interests of Armenia, Cape Colony and Ceylon are closer to us to-day than those of France and Germany were to our fathers. Traditions are worthy of respect only when they serve the real needs of the present. So it may be that with changed conditions the wise counsel of the past may be open to revision. Are times not already ripe for a change in national policy?

Let us look for a moment at the policy of England. The United States is great through minding her own business; England through minding the business of the world. In Norse mythology the Mitgard Serpent appears in the guise of a cat,—a feeble creature to all appearance, but its body passes around the world, its tail growing down into its own throat and by its mighty strength it holds the world together. Such is England—the Mitgard Serpent of the nations, the assignee of bankrupt lands, the police force of disorderly ones. By the power of her will and brain she has made this an Anglo-Saxon planet.

No other agency of civilization has been so potent as England's enlightened selfishness. Her colonies are of three orders—friendly nations, subject nations and military posts. The larger colonies are little united states. They are republics and rule their own affairs. The subject nations and the military posts England rules by a rod of iron because no other rule is possible. Every year England seizes new posts, opens new ports and widens the stretch of her empire. But of all this Greater Britain, England herself is but a little part, the ruling head of a world-wide organism. "What does he know of England who only England knows." No doubt as Kipling says, England

"thinks her empire still
Twixt the Strand and Holborn Hill,"

but the Strand would be half empty were it not that it leads outward to Cathay. The huge business interests of Greater Britain are the guaranty of her solidarity. All her parts must hold together.

In similar relation to the Mother Country, America must stand. Greater England holds over us the obligations of blood and thought and language and character. Only the Saxon understands the Saxon. Only the Saxon and the Goth know the meaning of freedom. "A sanction like that of religion," says John Hay, "enforces our partnership in all important affairs." Not that we should enter into formal alliance with Great Britain. We can get along well side by side, but never tied together. When England suggests a union for attack and defense, let us ask what she expects to gain from us. Never yet did England offer us the hand in open friendliness, in pure good faith, not hoping to get the best of the bargain. This is the English government, which never acts without interested motives. But the English people are our friends in every real crisis, and that without caring overmuch whether we be right or not. War with England should be forever impossible. The need of the common race is greater than the need of the nations. The Anglo-Saxon race must be at peace within itself. Nothing is so important to civilization as this. A war between England and America fought to the bitter end might submerge civilization. When the war should be over and the smoke cleared away there would be but one left and that, Russia.

But though one in blood with England our course of political activities has not lain parallel with hers. We were estranged in the beginning, and we have had other affairs on our hands. We have turned our faces westward, and our work has made us strong. We have had our forests to clear, our prairies to break, our rivers to harness, our own problem of slavery to adjust. We have followed the spirit of Washington's address for a hun-

dred years, until the movement of history has brought us to the parting of the ways. Federalism or Imperialism—which shall it be?

In the direction of imperialism we have already taken certain steps. The promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine is one of these. Its original impulse was a jealous regard for the liberties of the republics of Latin America. We make no objection to the present occupation of parts of America by European powers, but we shall prevent by force any extension of such dominion. The cause of the Monroe Doctrine was the danger to republicanism through monarchical aggression. With the republics of America our interests were supposed to be in unison. But our real interests lie now in other directions. We have a thousand ties binding us to Europe for one to Latin America. Even Japan and China are more to us than the states of South America. Moreover, the republics we would guard are really only republics in name. They have no more of a republican spirit than has Italy or Spain, and vastly less than England or Germany. The aggressions of England on Venezuela which our strong protest prevented were really in the interest of civilization. These republics hate the United States, her people and her institutions. They resent our protection and repel our patronage, and as for us, we are likely to despise them rather than to love them. The guardian of the two Americas must use a strong hand if it would save all of its wards from barbarism.

So the Monroe Doctrine is not alone a willingness to protect our sister republics from European aggression. It must become a means of holding them in order. So long as the Monroe Doctrine is put forth, so long must we be in some degree surety for the good behavior of South America. This necessity has carried us away from our traditional attention to our own affairs. It will carry us still further unless the policy be reversed.

The purchase of Alaska marks another movement away from self-government. This vast, wild, resourceful

land, unfit for habitation for the most part, unfit for self-control, we have made a province of our republic. We have placed it under our flag, but the flag is all we have given it. On stretches of coast as long as that of California, dotted with fishing villages, the United States has exercised no authority whatever. Over the whole coast of Alaska, from Sitka to Point Barrow, there have been only scattering and sporadic efforts at national rule. With a population so weak and scattered, self-government is impossible, and we have no other form of government to offer. The condition of Alaska to-day is simply a disgrace to us. The host that fare to the Klondike make their own government as they go along. What little government Alaska had in the past has now been mostly withdrawn on account of the war with Spain. We need the patrol vessels for coast defence. This is as though we sent San Francisco police to garrison Manila. In public affairs we can never attend to two things at a time. Considering our possibilities and our intentions, we have treated the Aleutian Islands as shabbily as Spain has treated Cuba, and Russia has almost as good a right to protest against our ways as we have to protest against those of Spain.

This difference obtains. The natives of Alaska are gentle and tractable and away from the eyes of the world. They have no friends, no element of the picturesque, and our cruelty is not violence but neglect. We have wantonly allowed the destruction of the Sea Otter, their chief means of subsistence. We have wasted the sea-lion which furnishes their boats. Starvation and death are everywhere imminent in these coast settlements of Alaska, and the blame for it rests on us. "Re-concentrados" between Arctic snows and San Francisco greed, the Aleuts must starve and freeze. From Prince William's Sound to Attu, nearly fifteen hundred miles, not a village has a sure means of support left to-day.

According to latest reports from Port Etches, all the people of the village live together in the cellar of an abandoned warehouse. Wosnessenski was starving last year. In Belkofski, Morjovi, Atka, Attu, and a half dozen other villages, the Company's store has been closed because the people can no longer pay for supplies. Civilization has made flour, sugar, tea and tobacco necessities of life, and these they can get no longer. From St. Lawrence we hear that the people have traded all their possessions for a cargo of "Florida Water," which is a polite name for raw whiskey, and have all starved to death after a week of debauch.

As our government is constituted men must govern themselves and send their delegates to Congress. For others we have no government at all. The great corporations in Alaska are still squatters on government land, and the disputes among their employees must be settled by blow of fist or they are not settled at all. Open warfare with knife and gun has existed more than once along the salmon rivers. This is not the fault of the companies. They are law-abiding enough when there is any law. "But there runs no law of God nor man to the north of fifty-three." The villages of Aleuts and Esquimaux are ruled by the Company store-keeper and the Russian priest, each with authority unlimited and unsupported by law. The staunch laws of prohibition by which liquor is excluded from Alaska cannot enforce themselves, and no other adequate force is provided. The whole matter is a huge farce, and its necessary result is contempt for law. With a colonial bureau like that of England, the problems of ruling an inferior and dependent people would be simple enough. Such a bureau could take care of Alaska and could give good government to any territory over which our flag may float.

Such a bureau we must have if Alaska is not to remain a matter of public embarrassment. Such a bureau could operate Hawaii as well. Hawaii cannot govern

itself under our federal forms. It is an oligarchy in the nature of things. Under colonial management it would be peaceful and prosperous. The more it had to do, the more effective such a colonial bureau would become. Every governmental department tends to aggrandize itself. Colonies would demand more colonies. If we have Alaska already and are certain to take Hawaii, why not establish such a colonial bureau and manage them as England manages Hong Kong and Singapore and Jamaica? In the same way we may control Cuba, which falls as a ripe pear into our hands. And Porto Rico must go with Cuba. The Philippines are not very far away. They are nearer to San Francisco than Boston was to Philadelphia in the times of Washington, and the transfer of news is a matter of a few hours only. The Philippines are as large as New England and New York, with a population greater than all the Rocky Mountain country and the Pacific Slope combined. They have a hard population to manage, to be sure, a substratum of Kanakas and Malays, lazy and revengeful, over these a social layer of thrifty Chinese and canny Japanese, then next a Spanish aristocracy and a surface scum of the wanderers of all the world. In the unexplored interiors of the great islands live the wild tribes of *negritos*, untamed black imps as incapable of self-government or of any other government as so many monkeys. Spain has stood at the gateway of this rich land and taken toll of whatever goes out. This is all she has attempted. We could not do much more, but whatever is possible we can do as well as any one else. If we do not keep the Philippines, they will surely fall into worse hands.

And all these territories are to-day virtually under the American flag. But why stop here? One great need of the world's commerce is a canal across the territory of Nicaragua, and we may seize that turbulent little republic as a guarantee for the security and neutrality of the canal. Then Costa Rica has her coffee fields and

there is wondrous wealth in Guatemala. In the Caroline Islands we would find a good coaling station. We have literary interest in Samoa at least, and in the name of the Ladrões, the islands of the great thieves, we ought to find something suggestive. An open port of our own on the coast of China would give our commerce its proper level of equality. Perhaps Swatow would suffice for us after Russia, and Germany, and France, and England has each made its choice.

Then there are the Blue Canaries. From the tall peak of Teneriffe we can overlook the entrance to the Mediterranean and keep our watch on the politics of Europe. As England is the assignee of bankrupt Egypt, shall we not seize the assets of bankrupt Spain? To be sure we come in late in the game of territorial expansion. We must take what we can get, and we cannot get much except by force. Still we must have it. For all this and more, according to Theodore Roosevelt and a host of others is our "manifest destiny." To help along "manifest destiny," is the purpose of the war with Spain. The spell is on us and it is the more irresistible because it came unawares. Recently in an address in Boston, Richard Olney, one of the wisest of our public men, who checked the bold, bad British Lion by a bluff as big as the lion's own roar, made a vigorous plea for national expansion. He says:

"But it is even a more pitiful ambition for such a country to aim to seclude itself from the world at large, and to live a life as isolated and independent as if it were the only country on the footstool. A nation is as much a member of society as an individual. * * * Does a foreign question or controversy present itself, appealing however forcibly to our sympathies or sense of right—what happens the moment it is suggested that the United States should seriously participate in its settlement? A shiver runs through all the ranks of capital, lest the uninterrupted course of money-making be interfered with; the cry of 'Jingo!' comes up in various quarters; advocates of peace at any price make themselves heard from innumerable pulpits and rostrums; while practical politicians invoke the doctrine of the Farewell Address as an absolute bar to all positive action. The upshot is more or less an explosion of sympathy or antipathy at more or less public meetings, and, if the case is a very strong one,

a more or less tardy tender by the Government of its 'moral support.' Is that a creditable part for a great nation to play in the affairs of the world? * * *

This country was once the pioneer, and is now the millionaire. It behooves it to recognize the changed conditions, and to realize its great place among the powers of the earth. It behooves it to accept the commanding position belonging to it, with all its advantages on the one hand, and all its burdens on the other. It is not enough for it to vaunt its greatness and superiority, and call upon the rest of the world to admire and be duly impressed. Posing before less favored peoples as an exemplar of the superiority of American institutions may be justified and may have its uses; but posing alone is like answering the appeal of a mendicant by bidding him admire your own sleekness, your own fine clothes and handsome house, and your generally comfortable and prosperous condition. He possibly should do that and be grateful for the spectacle, but what he really asks and needs is a helping hand. The mission of this country, if it has one, and I verily believe it has, is not merely to pose, but to act—and, while always governing itself by prudence and common sense and making its own special interests the first and paramount objects of its care, to forego no fitting opportunity to further the progress of civilization practically as well as theoretically by timely deeds as well as by eloquent words. There is such a thing for a nation as a 'splendid isolation'—as when, for a worthy cause, for its own independence, or dignity, or vital interests, it unshrinkingly opposes itself to a hostile world. But isolation that is nothing but the shirking of the responsibility of high place and great power is simply ignominious."

"The doors to that 'shining destiny' are open wide," says a late writer in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "Shall the Nation pass them or shall it shrink back into itself and leave to other and braver hands the prizes of the future. To broaden out in the field of enterprise and acquisition is the duty of the Republic, to strengthen itself whenever it safely can, to do its part in redeeming the victims of ignorance as well as of cruelty, to gather to itself the riches that will free it from debt, and make its influence paramount in the world's affairs as the greatest part of the Anglo-Saxon brotherhood; to plant itself in the midst of events, and mold them to its mighty purpose."

Such is the dream of American imperialism. Its prizes lie in our hands unasked. The fates have forced them upon us. But before we seize them, now let us ask what it will cost? First, it will cost life and money in rich measure. Kipling tells us the cost of British Admiralty:

We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And she calls us still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead.

We've strewed our best to the weeds' unrest,
 To the shark and the sheering gull ;
 If blood be the price of admiralty
 Lord God! we have paid it in full.

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
 But lifts a keel we have manned ;
 There's never an ebb goes seaward now
 But drops our dead on the sand ;
 But slinks our dead on the strand forlore
 From the Ducies to the Swin ;
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 Lord God, we have paid it in.

We must feed our sea for a thousand years
 For that is our doom and pride,
 As it was when they sailed with the golden Hind,
 Or the wreck that struck last tide ;
 Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef,
 When the ghastly blue-lights flare :
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 My God, we have paid it fair.

If we have a navy that can make history we must pay for it as England does, not only in blood but in cold, hard cash. This means more taxes, heavy taxes, more expenditures, more waste. It means the revision of our tax laws, a tariff for revenue only with every element of protection for American industries squeezed out of them. The government will need all it can get. We must manage our colonies that they may yield revenue. We must cherish commerce as we have tried to cherish manufacture, and we must cherish manufacture and agriculture through commerce. Much more of a navy we need to preserve ourselves from imbecility. One victory like that of Manila may save us from a dozen insults, and we must have the means to win such victories.

So far this would not be unmixed evil, perhaps no evil at all. But we must go farther. Imperialism demands the maintenance of a standing army large enough to carry out whatever we undertake. We must wholly

change our pension laws and deal with the veteran on a basis of business not of sentiment. Imperialism leaves no place for sentiment in public affairs. To maintain strong armies the nations of continental Europe sacrifice everything else. The people are loaded with armor till they cannot rise, and they dare not throw it off. Even to-day Italy is on the verge of a revolution, and the cause is the cost of the army. The Italian proverb says that if one throws a stone from a window it will hit a soldier or a priest, and the farmer pays for both.

The whole world must become the range of our interest. We must make every American's house his castle from Kamchatka to Kerguelen. We must be quick to revenge and strong to bluff. We must never fight when the issue is doubtful and never fail to fight if there is a point to be gained. We must give up our foolish notion that America is big enough to maintain a separate basis of coinage, a freeman's scale of wages, a peculiar republican social order different from that of the rest of mankind. We must open our own doors as we would push open the doors of the world. We must change the character of our diplomacy. We must make statecraft a profession. Hitherto we have sent out our ambassadors because to do so is the fashion among nations, not because we have anything for them to do. Hereafter they must go out to spread American influences. The plain, blunt, effective truth-telling of our present diplomacy must give way to the power to carry our point. We must not send men to foreign countries because we do not want them at home. The dull incompetence of our consular service must give way to a system of trained agents. And this, too, has its compensating reactions. As our foreign service is made effective it will become dignified. This will help our relations abroad because foreign nations judge us by the quality of our representatives.

Our government must be changed for our changing needs. We must give up the checks and balances in our constitution. It is said that our great battleship Oregon can turn about end for end within her own length. The dominant nation must have the same power. She must be capable of reversing her action in a minute, of turning around within her own length. This "our prate of statute and of state" makes impossible. We shall receive many hard knocks before we reach this condition, but we must reach it if we are to "work mightily" in the affairs of the world. If we are to deal with crises in foreign affairs we must hold them with a steadier grasp than that with which we have held the Cuban question. We cannot move accurately and quickly under the joint leadership of a conservative and steady-headed President, a hysterical or venal Senate and a House intent upon its own re-election. That kind of checks and balances we must lay aside forever. As matters are now, President, Senate and House check each other's movements and the State falls over its own feet.

The government of the United States is the expression of the transient will of the people, so hemmed in by checks and balances that positive action is difficult whatever the will of the majority for the moment may be. This is the government for peace and self-defense, but not for aggression. The government of England expresses the permanent will of the intelligent people with such checks as shut out ignorance and control incompetence. The nation and not the individual man is the unit in its actions.

Towards the English system we must approach more and more closely if we are to deal with foreign affairs in large fashion. The town-meeting idea must give way to centralization of power. We must look away from our own affairs, neglect them if you please, until the pressure

of growing expenditure forces us to attend to them again, and to attend to them more carefully than we ever yet have done. Good government at home must precede good government of dependencies. One reason England is governed well is that misgovernment anywhere on any large scale would be fatal to her credit and fatal to her power. She must call her best men to her political service, because without them she would perish.

It may be that the choice of imperialism is already made. If so, we shall learn the lesson of dominion in the hardest school of experience. That we shall ultimately learn it I have no doubt, for ours is a nation of apt scholars. We shall hold our own in war and diplomacy, we shall tie the hands of turbulent nations and seize the assets of bankrupt ones, and we shall teach the art of money-making to the dependent nations who shall be our wards and slaves.

Some great changes in our system are inevitable, and belong to the course of natural progress. Against them I have nothing to say. Whatever our part in the affairs of the world we should play it manfully. But with all this I believe that the movement toward broad dominion so eloquently outlined by Mr. Olney, would be a step downward. It would be to turn from our highest purposes to drift with the current of manifest destiny. It would be not to do the work of America, but to follow the ways of the rest of the world. I make no plea for indifference or self-sufficiency or isolation for isolation's sake. To shirk from world-movements or to drift with the current is alike unworthy of our origin and destiny. Only this I urge; let our choice be made with open eyes, not at the dictates of chance disguised as "Manifest Destiny." Unforgetting, open-eyed, counting all the cost, let us make our decision. Let ours be sober, fearless, prayerful choice. The federal republic,—the imperial republic—which shall it be?

There are three main reasons for opposing every step toward imperialism. First, dominion is brute force; second, dependent nations are slave nations; third, the making of men is greater than the building of empires.

As to the first of these: the extension of dominion rests on the strength of arms. Men who cannot hold town meetings must obey through brute force. In Alaska, for example, our occupation is a farce and scandal. Only force can make it otherwise. Only by force can the masses of Hawaii or Cuba be held to industry and order. To furnish such power, we shall need a colonial bureau, with its force of extra-national police. A large army and navy must justify itself by doing something. Army and navy we must maintain for our own defense, but beyond that they can do little that does not hurt, and they must be used if they would be kept alive. Even warfare for humanity falls to the level of other wars, and all wars according to Benjamin Franklin, are bad, some worse than others. The rescue of the oppressed is only accomplished by the use of force against the oppressor. The lofty purposes of humanity are forgotten in the joy of struggle and the pride of conquest.

The other reasons concern the integrity of the Republic itself. This was the lesson of slavery, that no republic can "endure, half slave and half free." The republics of antiquity fell because they were republics of the few only, for each citizen rested on the backs of nine slaves. A republic cannot be an oligarchy as well. The slaves destroy the republic. Whenever we have inferior and dependent races within our borders to-day, we have a political problem—"the Negro problem," "the Chinese problem," "the Indian problem." These problems we slowly solve. Industrial training and industrial pride make a man of the Negro. Industrial interest may even make a man of the Chinaman, and the Indian disappears as our civilization touches him.

But in the tropics such problems are perennial and insoluble. Cuba, Manila, Nicaragua will be slave territories for centuries to come. These people in such a climate can never have self government in the Anglo-Saxon sense. Whatever form of control we adopt, we shall be in fact slave-drivers, and the business of slave-driving will react upon us. Slavery itself was a disease which came to us from the British West Indies. It breeds in the tropics like yellow fever and leprosy. Can even an imperial republic last, part slave, part free?

But England endures, and her control of slave territories is her "doom and pride." What then of British imperialism? From the standpoint of imperialism England is an oligarchy, not a republic. Her government is not self-rule, but the direction of commerce. It is admiralty rather than democracy. Americans govern themselves. Englishmen are ruled by the government of their own choosing. Englishmen govern themselves in municipal affairs, and in ways from which we have much to learn. In foreign affairs their huge governmental machine, backed by the momentum of tradition, is all-powerful. This rules Ireland, India, Gibraltar, Egypt, all England's dependencies and wards. The other colonies are republics in fact. Canada, New Zealand, the states of Australia—these are republics bound to keep the peace with the mother country, but in no other way controlled by her. Only ties of sentiment bind Canada to England. In all practical matters, she is one with the United States.

The stronger the governmental machine, and the more adjustable its powers, the better the government. But government is not the main business of a republic. If good government were all, democracy would not deserve half the effort that is spent upon it. For the function of democracy is not to make government good. It

is to make men strong. Better government than any republic has yet enjoyed could be had in simpler and cheaper ways. The automatic scheme of competitive examination would give us better service at half the present cost. Even an ordinary intelligence office, or statesman's employment bureau would serve us better than conventions and elections. Government too good as well as too bad may have a baneful influence on men. The purpose of self-government is to intensify individual responsibility, to promote attempts at wisdom, through which true wisdom may come at last. The republic is a huge laboratory of civics, a laboratory in which strange experiments are performed, but by which, as in other laboratories, wisdom may arise from experience, and once arisen may work itself out into virtue.

It is not true that the government "which is best administered is best." That is the maxim of tyranny. That government is best which makes the best men. In the training for manhood lies the certain pledge of better government in the future. The civic problems of the future will be greater than those of the past. They will concern not the relation of nation to nation, but of man to man. The policing of far-off islands, the maintenance of the machinery of imperialism are petty things beside the duties which the higher freedom demands. To turn to these empty and showy affairs, is to neglect our own business for the gossip of our neighbors. Such work may be a matter of necessity; it should not be a source of pride. The political greatness of England has never lain in her navies nor the force of her arms. It has lain in her struggles for individual freedom. Not Marlborough nor Nelson nor Wellington is its exponent. Let us say rather Pym and Hampden, and Gladstone and Bright. The real problems of England have always been at home. The pomp of imperialism, the display of naval power, the

commercial control of India and China,—all these are as the “bread and circuses” by which the Roman emperors held the mob from their thrones. They keep the people busy and put off the day of final reckoning. “Gild the dome of the Invalides,” was Napoleon’s cynical command, when he learned that the people of Paris were becoming desperate.

The people of England seek blindly for a higher justice, a loftier freedom, and so the ruling ministry crowns the good queen as “Empress of India.” Meanwhile, the real problems of civilization develop and ripen. They care nothing for the greatness of empire nor the glitter of imperialism. They must be solved by men, and each man must help solve his own problems. The development of republican manhood is just now the most important matter that any nation in the world has on hand. We have been fairly successful thus far, but perhaps only fairly. Our government is careless, wasteful, and unjust, but our men are growing self-contained and wise. Despite the annual invasion of foreign illiteracy, the individual intelligence of men stands higher in America than in any other part of the world. The bearing of the people at large in these days is a lesson in itself. I watched the crowds around the bulletin boards the other night in San Francisco. These men were laborers, for the most part, loafers some of them, not as a whole belonging to the favored classes. But they did not form a mob. They were there as so many individuals. They did not lose their heads. They kept the bearing and the reserve of gentlemen. I saw no rowdyism, no disorder, no raw enthusiasm. The war news, false or true, placarded on the walls, was exciting in its nature, but the men were not excited; they were ready to act when the time came for action. They gave no vulgar display of sentiment when action was impossible. Compare the be-

havior of the American people, in this and other trying times, with that of the masses of any other nation, and we see what democracy has done. And we shall see more of this as our history goes on. Free schools, free ballot, free thought, free religion,—all tend to enforce self-reliance, self-respect, and the sense of duty which are the surest foundation of national greatness.

An active foreign policy would slowly change much of this. The nation which deals with war and diplomacy must be quick to act and quick to change. It must, like the Oregon, be able to reverse itself within its own length. To this end, good government is a necessity, whether it be self-government or not. Democracy yields before diplomacy. Republicanism steps aside when war is declared. "An army," said Wellington, "can get along under a poor general. It can do nothing under a debating society." In war the strongest man must lead, and military discipline is the only training for an army. In a militant nation the same rules hold in peace as in war. We cannot try civic experiments with a foe at our gates. A foe is always at the gates of a nation with a vigorous foreign policy. The British nation is hated and feared of all nations except our own. Only her eternal vigilance keeps the vultures from her coasts. Eternal vigilance of this sort will strengthen governments, will build up nations; it will not in like degree make men. The day of the nations as nations is passing. National ambitions, national hopes, national aggrandizement,—all these may become public nuisances. Imperialism like feudalism belongs to the past. The men of the world as men, not as nations, are drawing closer and closer together. The needs of commerce are stronger than the will of nations, and the final guarantee of peace and good will among men will be not "the parliament of nations," but the self-control of men.

But whatever the outcome of the present war, whatever the fateful twentieth century may bring, the primal duty of Americans is never to forget that men are more than nations; that wisdom is more than glory, and virtue more than dominion of the sea. The kingdom of God is within us. The nation exists for its men, never the men for the nation. "The only government that I recognize," said Thoreau, "and it matters not how few are at the head of it or how small its army, is the power that established justice in the land, never that which establishes injustice." And the will of free men to be just one toward another, is our best guarantee that "government of the people, for the people, and by the people, shall not perish from the earth."

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!



